1477 c 11

Count PIPER's PACKET:

Being a CHOICE and CURIOUS

COLLECTION

OF

Manuſcript Papers,

In PROSE and VERSE;

That were found bundled under a Bench upon *Duke Humphry's Walk* in *St. James's Park*, on *Tueſday* the Firſt of *Auguſt* 1732, by a Penſioner of *Chelſea-Hoſpital*.

Containing (among many other Valuable Pieces, never before Publiſhed) *viz.*

An Epiſtle to the Ladies at *O-xb-gh* in *N--folk*, written by a Knight of the *B--th*.

An Ode upon the E. of *S--nd--d*'s Marriage.

Another upon Lady *R--ch*'s Singing at the D—ſs of *M———*'s.

Capt. *J—n* to Miſs *Tw——n——*

A Poem occaſion'd by an *Apothecary* in *Pall-mall*, his extravagant Bill to a Celebrated Poet.

The *Welch Gentleman*, a famous Ballad, ſung before the Society of the Antient *Britons*, at their Annual Feaſt held at *Leatherſeller's-Hall* on the firſt of *March* laſt.

A ſmall Number of the moſt refin'd Jeſts and Witticiſms of the firſt Wits of Quality and others, carefully collected and compiled by the Ingenious and Facetious Mr. *Br--tt*.

Verſes by the Hon. Miſs *Sl--p--r*.

A Dialogue between Mrs. *Ell--t* at *St. James's*, and Poet *G--rd--n*.

A Dialogue between a Man and his Wife, to be ſet to Muſick.

The Humours of *Somerſet-Houſe Bowling-Green*.

A merry Deſcription of a *Sunday*.

An admirable Poem on a Lady's Favourite Cat.

A Satyrical Deſcription of the preſent terrible *Vacation* throughout *London* and *Weſtminſter*, addreſs'd to all diſconſolate *Lawyers*, *Shopkeepers*, *Vintners*, and others. By Mr. *Lawrence Roy——r*.

LONDON:

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(Price One Shilling.)

BRITISH MUSEUM
27 MAY 36

MS

To the Ladies at Oxburgh in *Norfolk*.

By a Knight of the Bath.

NEWS to expect from *Houghton-Hall*,
Is to expect no News at all.
The Place you know, and all its Charms,
Which every Eye with Pleaſure warms.
Within, without, ſo form'd compleat,
So Beautiful, ſo aweful Great;
As fails not in each Breaſt to move
Our Admiration and our Love,
Such as is ſure to warm their Blood,
Who know the *Owner* Great and Good:
As tho' the Structure were deſign'd,
An humble Emblem of his Mind.
The Gueſts, you know, a ſplendid Train,
And firſt the Sovereign of *L——r——in*:

A Prince who in the Bloom of Youth,
Travels the World in ſearch of Truth:
Leaves Flatt'ry, Power and State behind,
To ſtudy Wiſdom from Mankind.
And he will learn; for free from Pride,
He lays the Sovereign Prince aſide.
Thus free from Flatt'ry, and from Fear,
He truly views them as they are.
The next to tell, will take ſome Time
E'er I can jumble them into Rhime.
Firſt *K——ki* from great *Cæſar* ſent,
His Mighty Self to repreſent:
Next, Two who with his Highneſs came,
Newbourgh and *Altham* Counts by Name:
And *Engliſh Heſſian* General *Di—mar*,
Who loves a *Briton* and a Brimmer.
G——f——n and *R——mond* each his Grace,
The Offspring both of Royal Race:
N————le who for Kings indites,
D——v——n who oftner ſeals than writes.
B--l---ing---n, who his Staff has ſhown it,
Commands thoſe Penſioners that own it.
Then *A————le*, who loves to pleaſe you,
As much as *Eſſ--x* does to teaze you.
Tall *D——w——r*, who looks ſo grave,
B--l--m--re happy on a Wave.
L——v——ll who no where has his Fellow,
M——l——s, who's happy when he's mellow.

Next Brother *H--r--ce*, *B——ler Harry*,
And *T——ge*, who ventur'd twice to marry.
L——ff——d, who never will grow old;
Since *Sc--rb--ugh's* abſent, all is told.
All that we do the live-long Day,
You know, and almoſt all we ſay.
Then how we hunt, and how we game,
'Twere mere Impertinence to name:
And how we dine, and how we ſup,
And how the Rooms are lighted up;
As inſignificant we ſeem
As if we told you what we dream.
Thus I in haſte have ſcribbled o'er
For News, what you well knew before.
He that would tell a well-known Tale,
Without appearing dull and ſtale,
Should add, new Images invent,
Embelliſh and adorn like *Kent*:
Or elſe he ne'er can ſtand the *Teſt*,
A wretched Copier at beſt.
Yet you command, and who can blame,
If I obey, and take the Shame?

Upon Lady *S---nd----d.*

AS in the Firmament, all Stars are bright,
Yet differ in the Splendor of their Light;
So on the Earth among the lovely Fair,
Whoſe Forms or Minds, or both adorn their Sphere;
All in their Stations ſhine, yet many Ways,
Their various Merits, claim Eſteem and Praiſe.
Their diff'rent Graces adorn ev'ry Place,
And Men with pleaſure their Perfections trace.
But when with Beauty, Virtue, Senſe and Wit,
In one bright Union ſhine, all Men ſubmit.
And as the *Negro* Swans are very rare,
So few ſuch Women in the World appear.
But all that lovely Sex in Conduct may,
Show a bright Mind, and each a different way
May in their Merits beautiful appear,
And raiſe a Character tranſcendant fair;
Their Virtues, Wit or Senſe, in various ways,
May Love inſpire, and merit lofty Lays.
Among the Fair, who in their Stations ſhine,
Is *S---nd----d*, her Character adorns her Line,

With

With native Graces deck'd, her Form appears,
And ſuits the modiſh Ornaments ſhe wears.
Her courtly Manners, courteous Temper, Senſe,
And her tranſcendent Virtue's Excellence,
Make her Spouſe happy, who with Pleaſure proves
His prudent Choice, and ardently he loves.
His Virtues, Parts and Temper grace his Line,
And bright as his, her faithful Love does ſhine.
Long may they happy in each other live,
Love, Joy and Pleaſure to each other give,
And after Death eternal Joys receive.

On Lady *R----b*'s ſinging at the Dutcheſs of *M-----'s*.

By a Lady.

WHEN *Orpheus* plaid, the pleaſing Sound
All in Attention kept,
An awful Silence reign'd around,
As Nature's ſelf had ſlept.

So when *R——b* ſings, with Pleaſure heard,
All motionleſs become,
Even *H——b——h* forgets his Card,
And *N——k* himſelf is dumb.

'Tis

's ſtrange indeed, Beaſts, Rocks, and Trees
nould Harmony confeſs,
But ſince her Voice ſuch Brutes can pleaſe,
It makes the Wonder leſs.

Captain *J----n* to Miſs *Tw---n*.

I.

DO but view my charming *Filly*,
What with her wou'd you compare?
Fairer than the Poet's Lilly,
Sweeter than the Morning Air.

II.

Happy he who can be near thee,
And ſighs from his Soul for thee;
And thrice happy if he hears thee,
And more, if he hears like me.

III.

And if a kinder Look be given,
If ſhe's tender as ſhe's fair;
Can the Gods with all their Heaven,
In their Bliſs with him compare?

IV.

IV.

When I ſee the lovely Charmer,
I do feel a ſubtle Flame;
Which from Vein to Vein flies warmer,
And does kindle all my Frame.

V.

And as the fierce Tranſport ſeizes
On my Heart and all my Mind;
My Tongue is dumb, and my Speech is
Quite loſt, and no Voice I find.

VI.

I burn, I freeze, I am expiring;
Pleaſure in my Soul is ſpread;
I ſigh, I tremble, much deſiring,
And am unto Reaſon dead.

A POEM occaſioned by an *Apothecary*'s extravagant Bill.

To Mrs. Cent—vre, *a celebrated Poet.*

SIR, with great Surprize I view'd the Bill
You made for Drugs when I was ill:

But

But at firſt falling in your Clutches,
Pray do not treat me like a Dutcheſs:
For troth, I care not who does know it,
I am nothing but a ſhiveling Poet:
That Name does Penury include, Sir,
Then pray now do not think me rude, Sir,
When I ſay your Apozem Pectoral,
Does bear a Price for Prince Electoral:
Your Cordial Powders and Hypnotick,
Shews a Conſcience pure deſpotick:
And Heaven knows the Cordial Julip,
Was ſmall as Morning Dew on Tulip.
Linctus' of Oil and Sugar-loaf,
Is much too dear by more than half.
The Glaſs of *Sal Volatile* Spirit,
The Chymiſt for Six-pence does ſell it:
But Julip of Pearl indeed ſounds well,
The *Indian* Pearls from Oyſter-ſhell.
The Pectoral Mixture makes me ſmile,
Two and ſix-pence ſcor'd! for Linſeed-Oil.
Why ſuch prodigious Rates as theſe,
Are fit for nothing but *South-Seas*.
Let me ne'er taſte a drop Diaphorick,
If I e'er paid for Draught Emetick,
More than an *Engliſh* Shilling, when
I had no Attendance from the Men;
Or Half-a-Crown if they ſtood by,
The Devil take me if I lye;
Then why ſo dear, pray tell me why?

Oh ! me, I muſt pay for Cordial Bolus,
Tho' on the Shelf it ſtill lies *ſolus*.
But to be plain, I am not willing
To rate that Dab above a Shilling.
Fifteen Papers of Sugar of Roſes,
Two Years ago I had juſt theſe Doſes,
For which that Bill ask'd Thirty Pence,
Has Garden-Stock roſe ſo much ſince?
If ſo, let ſome Projector's Brain,
A new Roſe Company ordain.
The Stocks will turn to more Effect,
Than thoſe ſunk for the fam'd *Quebeck*.
Thus briefly ſumming up my Grievance,
Good Subject like I beg Relievance:
Tyrannick Sway can here agree,
With good old *Engliſh* Liberty.
In ſpight of all High-Church can ſay,
None pinch'd does willingly obey.
Uſe Conſcience, and bind me your Patient for ever,
And let a Guinea diſcharge your Servant

S. Cent—vre.

A *Hampſhire* Song, by Count Piper.

I.

To all you Fops of Court and Town,
From *Hampſhire* we indite;
And tho' you think a Country Clown,
Can neither read nor write;
Yet by theſe Lines we'd have you know,
We are at leaſt as wiſe as you.

With a fal, la, la.

II.

Before the Sun is up, we riſe,
And bow to Heaven's Power,
We view the Meadows, Hills and Skies,
And Nature all adore:
You laugh at this, and think it more,
To call at ten at *W——les* Door.

With a fal, la, la.

III.

III.

The Cry of Hounds' more Chearful Noiſe,
Than *Sineſino*'s Airs,
Gives to our Hearts more real Joys,
He tickles but your Ears;
We have the Hare, or Fox in Chace;
You hunt a Whore, or elſe a Place.
With a fal, la, la.

Upon a certain Great Man's not being at Home to another certain Great Man.

S——*d*'s Repentance comes too late
To expiate his Sin;
In vain he raps at *R*——*n*'s Gate,
Who will not *let him in.*
St. *Peter* be not ſo ſevere,
If of his other Crime,
This potent and prote--ng P——r,
Doth but repent in Time.

A ſmall Collection of JESTS, by the Ingenious Mr. *Robert Brett* of *St. James's.*

A Noted Cuſtom-Houſe Officer being at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, to ſee Captain *Boden's* Play of the *Modiſh Couple* acted, made ſeveral Attempts to thruſt his Hands up the *Petticoats* of one of the fair Fruitreſſes when ſhe was tripping over the Seats to her Cuſtomers: for which ſhe loudly reprimanded him; ſaying, *He might give over his Search, for that ſhe had no Goods under her Coats but what had been fairly* ENTER'D.

A certain Nobleman having engag'd a Country Clergyman to marry one of his caſt-off Miſtreſſes; their Nuptials were celebrated at a Milliner's Houſe in *Pall-Mall:* the Jilt had thought of a *notable Contrivance* to deceive her Bridegroom in the *Tender Minute*; but when they were going to be put to Bed, the Maid had chanced to miſlay the *Machine*, ſo that the Houſe was ſearch'd from Top to Bottom to find it. The Landlady obſerving her Lodgers to be in a great deal of Hurry and Confuſion, deſired of the Servant to know what Misfortune had happen'd; the poor Girl, with Tears in her Eyes ſaid,

ſaid, *She fear'd ſhe was undone for ever, for that ſhe had loſt her Miſtreſs's Maidenhead.*

A *Welchman* preſenting himſelf to the Dutcheſs of *M*———— to be hired for Clerk of the Kitchen, her Grace was pleaſed to ask him many Queſtions relating to the Place of his Nativity, his Parentage, *&c.* The Fellow told her, he was deſcended of a very ancient Family in *Glamorganſhire*, and that the Effigies of his Father was erected in *Weſtminſter* Abbey. The Dutcheſs, impatient to know who his Father was, he replied, *He was Coachman to 'Squire* THY--NE *murder'd by Ruffians in* 1682.

An illiterate Colonel of a Regiment having ſome Affairs to lay before the War-Office, his Agent wrote a Letter, containing the Matters to be redreſs'd, and directed it *To the Right Honourable the Secretary at War*; for which he received a ſevere Reprimand from the *Colonel*, who told him, he wonder'd he could be ſuch a Blockhead, when the Kingdom was in profound Tranquillity; and ſo had the Superſcription wrote thus, *To the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary at* Peace.

A *Weſtminſter* Juſtice taking Coach in the City, and being ſet down at *Young Man's* Coffee Houſe, *Charing-Croſs*, the Driver demanded eighteen Pence as his Fare; the Juſtice ask'd him, if he would ſwear that the Ground came to the Money; the Man ſaid he would take his Oath on't. The Juſtice replied, *Friend, I am a Magiſtrate*, and pulling a Book out of his Pocket, adminiſter'd the Oath to the Fellow, and then gave him *Six-pence*, ſaying, *he muſt reſerve the Shilling to himſelf for the Affidavit.*

Some

Some People being at the Levee of a Perſon of Quality, who was dreſſing in a rich embroider'd Suit to go to Court on a Birth-Day, one was wiſhing *for a Tax of a Guinea upon every Coat and Manteau that went thither unpaid for*; when another ſaid, *He deſired only Half-a-Crown for every one that never would be paid for.*

A Clergyman deſtitute of Preferment in the Church applied himſelf to the late Lord *Guildford* for a Living: his Lordſhip deſired he might have a Sample of his preaching. The Parſon being mounted in the Pulpit, took his Text *Pſalm* lxxv. Verſe 6. *For Promotion cometh neither from the* EAST, *nor from the* WEST, *nor from the* SOUTH; concluding it muſt therefore come from his Lordſhip, whoſe Name was NORTH.

A Man having been apprehended and carried before Juſtice *D--v--eil*, for ſtealing ſeveral Copper and Pewter Signs from Shop-keepers Houſes in the Night-time; the Juſtice ask'd the Priſoner what could induce him to ſo wicked an Action, to injure poor Tradeſmen, and eſpecially at a Time when there was ſo general a Complaint of the Decay of Trade and Buſineſs: The Thief readily made Anſwer, that *ſince there was no Trade, he did not know what occaſion they had for Signs.*

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and finding the Hoſtler very expert and tractable about his Horſes, asked the Fellow *how long he had liv'd there*, and what Countryman he was; he anſwer'd, he was of YORKSHIRE, *and had ſerv'd in the Stables ſixteen Years.* The Traveller declar'd his Aſtoniſhment, that in ſuch a length of Time he could not

get

get to be Maſter of the Inn. *Aye*, replies the Fellow, with a deep Sigh, *but my Meiſter's* Yorkſhire *too.*

A certain beautiful Counteſs playing with her Watch as it hung under her Apron; a Gentleman preſent deſired to know the Time of the Day, *Sir*, ſays the Lady, *I am not able to ſatisfy you, for my Watch* STANDS. *Madam*, replies he, *I don't in the leaſt wonder at it when I conſider its* SITUATION.

A Cauſe was heard in *Guild-Hall*, upon a Trial to prove that the Name *Linch* did not properly appertain to the Perſon who aſſum'd it, but that his real Name was *Inch*. The Affirmative being prov'd, the Judge ſaid, the old Proverb was herein verified, *for if they once gave a Man an* INCH, *he would ſoon take an* L.

The Humours of *Somerſet-Houſe* Bowling-Green. A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, The Jovial Beggar.

I Am a jolly Bowler,
Of the *Free-Thinking* Club;
And all my Notes are. *Fly, fly, fly,*
Rub, rub a Thouſand, rub.
And a Bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
So far and near renown'd:
We *twiſt* and *ſcrew*, and with Grimace
We *coax* the Bowl around.
And a Bowling, &c.

We have the fineſt Bowling-Green,
There's none with Us can vye;
Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots, and Jugs,
To drink when we're a-dry.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Rudiments and Sciences
In Bowling may be found,
For 'tis in vain to think to Bowl
'Till you firſt know the *Ground*.
And a Bowling, &c.

From Bowling we may learn too
The Patience of a *JOB*;
For as in Bowling, ſo in Life,
We bear with many a *Rub*.
And a Bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,
In Bowling's underſtood;
Where Mortals ſweat and fret and vex
About a piece of *Wood*.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Fickleneſs of Fortune
In Emblem here is ſeen;
For often thoſe, that touch the *Block*,
Are thrown out of the *Green*.
And a Bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers, and of Bowlers,
The Fortune is the ſame;
Each juſtles t'other out of Place,
And plays a *Separate Game*:
And a Bowling, &c.

In *Bowling*, as in Battle,
The *Leader*'s apt to claim
The Glory to himſelf,
Tho' the *Followers* get the Game:
And a Bowling, &c.

A Challenge from the Beſt
We value not a Straw,
Both *firſt* and *ſecond* too muſt yield,
If we do once but *draw*.
And a Bowling, &c.

The *Jack* is like a young Coquet,
Each *Bowl* reſembles Man;
They follow, whereſoe'er She leads,
As cloſe as e'er they can:
And a Bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a Compaſs round,
The *Byaſs* draws them in;
And he that lies the cloſeſt to't.
Cockſure he is to win.
And a Bowling, &c.

Alas! here's one that *knocks* it *off*,
And *Touches to a Hair!*
Hold, hold an Inch!—your Tongue, You Dog:—
A Pox! I can't *Forbear*.
And a Bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,
And meaſure 't out of hand;
The Caſe is clear, 'tis loſt,
For you cannot make it ſtand.
And a Bowling, &c.

For tho' in other Gaming
A *Blockhead* be a Jeſt;
Yet he that's neareſt *Block-head*,
In Bowling is the beſt.
And a Bowling, &c.

Then to the *Roſe!*—of Bowling
Now we have had our Fill:
Let's lay aſide our *JACK*, Boys,
And each Man take his *GILL*.
And a Bowling, &c.

The

The WELCH GENTLEMAN; A New BALLAD. The Words by Mr. *O. E--v--ns.*

Sung before the Society of Antient BRITONS, at *Leatherſeller's* Hall, on *Wedneſday* the firſt of *March* 1731-2, being their Annual Feaſt.

Tune of, Pity the Fall of brave *Devell.*

I.

WHAT tho' Hur is in low Eſtate,
Hur Couſin is to all the Great;
The well-born *Knight*, and courtly *'Squire*,
What can Hur Soul more then deſire?
But yet Hur muſt lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

II.

Hur is as good a Gentleman,
As ever came from *Cardigan*;

Tho' in a Brothel Hur does retail,
The True and Nut-brown *Pembroke* Ale;
Which makes Hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

III.

Hur left Hur own dear Native Air,
In haſte for *London* City fair;
Hur made the doleful Way on Foot,
Oblig'd to neither Shoe nor Boot;
Which makes Hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

IV.

Hur Father own'd a good She-Goat,
For all Hur wears a *Livry Coat*;
And tho' Hur ſwings behind a *Coach*,
Unto Hur Birth it is no reproach;
Which makes Hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

V.

What tho' in rotten *Leathern Chair*
Hur *Shoulders* bear a *Lady fair*,
Hur *Shoe-Heels* humble, flat and low,
Hur Parentage it was not ſo;
Which makes Hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

VI.

What tho' Hur drives a dirty *Dray*,
And *Barrels* bung'd with nasty Clay,
Still Hur's of antient Pedicree,
As in Hur Bible you may see;
Which makes Hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

VII.

Forc'd in the *Streets* for *Jobs* to wait,
For all Hur landed fine Estate,
One Pound *per Annum* Penny Rent,
Which shews Hur good and great Descent,
And makes Hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

VIII.

Altho' Hur like a Horse doth slave,
Hur came of Ancestors most brave;
Hur Grandmother, Cot she slew a Swan,
Hur Father he kick'd a bold Train-Band;
Which makes Hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

IX.

Hur High-born Heart is grieved much,
At *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Scotch* and *Dutch*;
To bear their Taunts, their Flirts and Fleers,
Daily thrown into *Taffy*'s Ears;
Which makes Hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Well a-day, well a-day.

X.

Shou'd Hur once chance to wear a *Sword*,
And be a *Valet* to a *Lord*,
Hur will no longer then complain,
'Cauſe Hur's a Gentleman again;
Hur muſt no longer lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Nor well a-day, nor well a-day.

A DIALOGUE between a Man and his Wife. Written to be fet to Muſick.

He.

ADIEU, adieu ye tempting Sweets of Life,
Adieu, adieu all Cares, adieu fond Wife:
No more this World my Body muſt contain,
No more from Heav'nly Joys my Soul refrain.

She.

Life and this World will henceforth tedious be,
Nor can I live if I'm debarr'd of thee:
Not cruel Death ſhall ſnatch thee from my Arms,
With thee I'll live, and die with thy Charms.

Both.

He. Thanks to my Dear, my Soul } ſhall ever find,
She. My conſtant Soul its Reſt }
He. It's Reſt whilſt thou } my ſole Delight art kind.
She. Whilſt thou my ſole, }

He.

He.

But yet 'tis pity thou ſhou'dſt Life forſake,
Becauſe I die, and airy Subſtance take:
This Life is ſweet, and Pleaſures here abound,
That in thoſe Worlds below cannot be found.

She.

But can I Pleaſure take, my gentle Dear,
When you have left me ſo unkindly here?
Our Souls are join'd beyond the Power of Fate,
Or cruel Death himſelf to ſeparate.

Both.

He. It cannot be, when I am dead and
She. I cannot live when you from hence are } gone,
He. That you can live contented
She. Alas, you cannot leave me } here alone.

He.

Since then with me you are reſolv'd to die,
And from this mortal World and Pleaſures fly:
Let us before we go bid all adieu,
To Man and Beaſt, to Cares and Pleaſures too.

She.

Theſe Earthly Dwellings which no Joy can give,
I'll leave to thoſe who rather had to live;
My Soul with Earth no more ſhall here be join'd,
But its ſecure Retreat below ſhall find.

Both.

Both.

He. Sure nought on Earth was e'er ſo kind as } you,
She. Since no Content can here be had but }
He. Who loving me doth } bid the World adieu.
She. Whilſt now reſolv'd to }
He. And all the Pleaſures of this Life to } loſe,
She. I cannot of thy Sight the Bleſſing }
He. And me above } all Earthly Riches chuſe.
She. Which I above }

He.

Adieu ye Mortals all that take delight,
In ſporting Pleaſures, or by Day or Night.

She.

Adieu all ye oppreſt with heavy Care;
Farewell to thoſe who languiſh in Deſpair.

He.

Adieu to thoſe whom greateſt Riches grace,
Farewell to thoſe who virtuous Actions trace.

She.

Adieu to thoſe who Earthly Loſſes grieve,
Farewell to thoſe who covet moſt to live.

Both.

Adieu, adieu ye tempting Sweets of Life;
Adieu, adieu all Cares, hence ev'ry Strife:
No more this World our Bodies ſhall contain,
No more from Heav'nly Joys our Souls refrain.

Adieu ye Mortals all, once more adieu,
Ye Men and Beaſts, ye Cares and Pleaſures too.

The Poet's Epiſtle to the Widow *E--ll--t*, at *St. James's*.

In the OVIDIAN *Strain*.

By Mr. G--r--n.

BLUSH not, fair *Widow*, if by Love inſpir'd,
And with bare Looks and Wiſhes only tir'd,
The Muſe excites me to implore from you,
That kind *Conſent* which is ſo much my *Due*;
Which I have merited by endleſs Pains,
And my long Service in *Love*'s ſoft *Campaigns*:
Witneſs the Hours which I imploy to gaze,
In endleſs Raptures, and in fond Amaze.
While *Fops*, who want the Eyes thoſe *Charms* to ſee,
Talk of their Gewgaw *Toaſts*, and ſip their Tea.
Witneſs the *Tears* which have ſucceſſive run,
Since I to doat upon thy *Charms* begun.
My Love to all who uſe *St. James's* known,
In Looks! in Sighs! ſilent, or ſpeaking ſhown:
The Theme of *Beaus*, when Penſion Time o'Year
Requires their *Preſence*, and their Service here.

Eccho'd

Eccho'd as News, at *Bath*, at *Epſom* too,
That *Od--n--ſle* had fix'd his Heart on you.
When Winter comes, and Members too again,
They find you *Cruel* ſtill, and me in Pain;
Muſt I ſtill labour thus, with endleſs Woe,
And thus aſſiduous, unrewarded go?
Shall each fly Coxcomb my fond Paſſion taunt,
Snubb'd by *Le He--pe*, and turn'd to Jeſt by *Gr--nt*.
By *Sh--t--r* too, be in Deriſion had,
As if, like him, my Love, had made me *mad*.
Ah! lovely Widow, think in Time, and ſpare
Thoſe racking *Pains* from Jealouſy I bear;
When the gay *Colonel*, and the dangling *Crew*,
Prate Love-ſick Nonſenſe, and aim all at You.
The P--nſ--n Bill does leſs Sir *Blue* perplex,
And Cat-calls *C--bb--r* half ſo much don't vex;
As when I view that lovely Viſage ſmile,
On ſome lac'd *Fop*— neglected I the while,
Mutter *Poetick Curſes* through my Teeth,
And with my Lays, wou'd blaſt them all with Death:
Or like a Poet, I have read on, make
Each Fopling, of himſelf, a Halter take.
And while in Poſture fit, they Life reſign,
I by *Surviorſhip*, may make you mine.
Think too, dear Widow, Intereſt has no Part;
'Tis Love alone, that binds my beating Heart.
My *Fortune* is enough to keep us Two,
Or elſe by *Phœbus*, I no more would woo.

And then my Works— you by Experience know it,
How well the Town receives me as a *Poet*;
How much your Houſe too gains, ſome Folks cry there,
The witty *Od—n—ſle* doth ſtill repair.
Even your beſt Chaps, as *Br—d—m—n* and the *Knight*,
Own that my *Proſe* is ſmooth, my *Poems* bright.
Quick then again, to eaſe my amorous Pain,
Nor let ſo many Titles claim in vain.
Become my Wife, nor doubt with a leſs *Heat*,
When once enjoy'd, my vigorous Blood ſhould beat:
I'll love Thee ſtill—while ſtill Di—r—tors cheat.

The Widow *E—ll—t*'s Letter to Mr. *G———n*, in Anſwer to the above Epiſtle.

COuld'ſt thou, *Dull Fool*, uncenſur'd hope to paſs,
Who'ſt ridicul'd *a Poet* for an *Aſs*?
Could'ſt thou believe his Satyr ſtill would ſleep;
Or his ſharp *Muſe* eternal Silence keep?
Or could'ſt thou dream *a Woman's Wrath could die*,
Unſated with *Revenge*, or with *Reply*?

Miſtaken

Miſtaken Blockhead! would my Sex allow
The Right of Combat—— by my Soul I vow
Behind the *Dwelling* of the *D——r* Duke,
My *Sword* thy Witneſs Folly ſhould rebuke.
Cuſtom, 'tis true, doth here my Rage withhold;
But ſince I muſt not fight, by G—— I'll ſcold.
Know then, thou Puppey, all Mankind agree,
That Smart *Epiſtle* ne'er was wrote by thee,
Some needy Wit thou brib'ſt to hide his Name,
And ſuffer thee to reap the *Poet*'s Fame.
But tho' the Verſe be to *another* due;
I know the Malice was ſupply'd by *you*.
For which, may Righteous *Fate* doom thee to want
A Penſion——And when ſued for-- may none grant,
Unleſs the Pariſh with unwilling Care
Supply thy Needs,—— and give a Badge to bear.
Nay could my Wiſh prevail, thy little Wit
Shouldſt to the meaneſt Chap of mine ſubmit.
Up---t---n below the loweſt of our Fools,
Shall in thy Darling Science give thee Rules.
M---n---ing gravely tutor thee, for all thy Tricks!
And Sir *J—— S——d——ll* teach thee Politicks.
Thy Morals too ſhou'd with thy Senſe keep pace,
And as thou fail'ſt in *Wit*, ſhould'ſt ſink in *Grace*;
Until Folks ſaw upon an Equal Line,
The B--r--n--t and *B--dg--m--n* with thee ſhine,
To ſee theſe Curſes light, O may I live!
And may I die, if I till then forgive!

To

To the Reverend Dean of LITCHFIELD, on his excellent Diſcourſe concerning the Exiſtence of a God:

At which the Beautiful Miſs MONTGOMERY *was preſent.*

IF not convinc'd, learn'd *Penny*, by the Schools,
Thy bright Example, or thy brighter Rules,
Nor all the Laws in *Moſes'* ſacred Book,
On this fair Creature let the Atheiſt look;
No longer in his own Opinion nod,
Her Heavenly Charms moſt clearly prove a God.
To ſo compleat a Form could Atoms dance?
Could ſuch a Soul and Body meet by chance?
Can we this Work, when finiſh'd, thus adore?
And yet deny the great Creator's Power?
Ah! no, view't well, that Face, that Shape, that Air!
And can there be an Argument more fair?

VERSES

VERSES by the Honourable Miſs *Sl--p--r.*

I.

ALL Attendance apart,
I examin'd my Heart
Laſt Night when I laid me to reſt;
And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a Change of my Mind,
For you know ſecond Thoughts are the beſt.

II.

To retire from the Croud,
And make ourſelves good,
By avoiding of every Temptation:
Is in truth to reveal
What he had better conceal,
That our Paſſions want ſome Regulation.

III.

It will much more redound
To our Praiſe to be found,
In a World ſo abounding with Evil,

Unſpotted

Unſpotted and pure,
Tho' not ſo demure,
And to wage open War with the Devil.

IV.

So bidding farewell
To my Thoughts of a Cell,
I'll prepare for this militant Life;
And if brought to Diſtreſs,
My Man I'll confeſs,
And do Penance in ſhape of a Wife.

The JUDGMENT.

THE Men of Wit and Senſe were met,
And *Page* and *Conyers* was the Theme;
And much was ſaid of this and that,
And all with Pleaſure and Eſteem.
This more reſerv'd, and that more free,
Yet none could either of them blame;
In different Views they both did ſee,
Yet the Effect was ſtill the ſame.

They puzzled were which to prefer,
'Till that a *B——e* cry'd out in haſte,
All who judge by Appearance err,
The Preference muſt be made by Taſte.

Upon the Honourable Colonel FANE's Seat at *Merrywith-* Park in *Kent*.

WHEN on *Maria*'s Charms he fixt his View,
My Maſter then this beauteous Model drew;
And whilſt that bright Idea fir'd his Mind,
Was all his Strength and Elegance deſign'd.

COLLIN's Complaint, Burleſqu'd. By D---- S----

I.

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire;
A Scullion ſo hungry was laid;
A Pudding was all his Deſire,
A Kettle ſupported his Head.

The Hogs that were fed by the Houſe,
To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply;
And a Gutter that car'd not a Louſe,
Ran mournfully, muddily by.

II.

But when it was ſet in a Diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My Mouth it does water and wiſh,
I think it had better been fry'd.
The Butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair;
Oh! could I but eat it, he ſaid,
The Proof of the Pudding lies there.

III.

How fooliſh was I to believe,
It was made for ſo homely a Clown;
Or that it would have a Reprieve,
From the dainty fine Folks of the Town.
Cou'd I think that a Pudding ſo fine,
Cou'd ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a Kitchen on Love.

IV.

What tho' at the Fire I have wrought,
Where Puddings do boil, and do fry;
Tho' Part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by.

Ah!

Ah! *Collin* thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy Knife and thy Platter reſign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat 'till ſhe burſt,
And her Turn is ſooner than thine.

V.

And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale;
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a Pudding to rail.
Tho' through all the Rooms I ſhou'd rove,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to go;
'Tis its Fate to be often above,
'Tis mine to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In your Breaſt any Pity be found;
Ye Servants that early do dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the Ground.
Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell,
And ſay when you grieve at my Lot,
Poor *Collin* lov'd Pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your Meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your Diſhes ſo prim;
Where Sauce in the middle does flow,
And Flowers are ſtrew'd on the Brim.

Whilſt *Collin* forgotten and gone,
By the Hedges ſhall diſmally rove;
Unleſs when he ſees the round Moon,
He thinks on a Pudning above.

SONG.

By a Gentleman of *OXFORD*.

Tweed Side.

I.

LIKE a wandering Ghoſt I appear,
All ſilent neglected and ſad;
Tormented by Hopes and Deſpair,
I ſigh when all others are glad.
No Joys in this Town can I find,
The Lilly's a Deſart to me,
I ſcarce ſhould regret being blind
To all other Objects but thee.

II.

In the Fields as I ſaunter along,
I look but for thee in my Way;
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the reſt of the Day.

Or if that by Chance thou art there,
I ſhun every Mortal I meet ;
Nor reliſh the Walk nor the Air,
Thou only can render them ſweet.

III.

Oh! *Nancy*, whilſt thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat;
Nor have you no Senſe of my Pain,
Whilſt the Torment I bear is ſo great?
Muſt theſe wandering Eyes always rove,
On every new Object you ſee?
Or muſt you reward my true Love,
And fix them at laſt upon me?

A Deſcription of a SUNDAY in *London*.

SUNDAY, Six in the Morning.

OLD infirm Letchers plagued in their Beds with impracticable *Wiſhes*, wrangling with their Diſeaſes and Age; and repining becauſe Nature has not alter'd her Courſe and exempted them from the Common Fate—— *Rakes* and *Bullies* breaking up from

from their Nocturnal Debauches, and retiring to their Quarters——Petty Equipages, as Chaiſes, Chairs and Hackney-Horſes getting ready to carry declining Shopkeepers and their Wives to the adjacent Villages, to divert the melancholly Thoughts of Bankruptcy—— Taylors, Stay-makers, Manteau-makers and Milliners buſy in breaking the *Fourth* Commandment——News-Writers *inventing* Stories of Rapes, Riots, Robberies, *&c.* to fill up their Monday's Papers—— *Aldermen*, *Deputies* of Wards and *Common-Council-Men* under ſevere Curtain Lectures for certain *Neglects*——Poor Servant-Maids plagued in their Garrets with the preſſing *Importunities* of their lewd *Maſters*—— The *Miniſterial* and *Anti-Court* Writers racking their Inventions for Argument and Matter for their next Week's Eſſays.

Seven a-Clock.

Officers of the Army, Lawyer's Clerks, Mercer's Journeymen, and City Apprentices ſwallowing their *Mercurials*, and *Water-gruel*—— *Twelve-penny Harlots* rapping at *Pawn-brokers* Doors, to redeem their Wearing-Apparel——Servant Maids, by the Help of Falſe Keys pilfering their Miſtreſs's *Teas* and *Sugars*— Apple-women, Shoe-blackers, and Hackney-Coachmen repairing to their reſpective Stands— Reduc'd Officers rallied by their Laundreſſes, and denied Credit for a clean Shirt—— *Demi-Clergymen*, *i. e. Pariſh-Clerks*, putting on their ſtiff Bands and grave Countenance——Foot-Soldiers and Bullies diſtributing Curſes, *Black Eyes*, and *Swoln Faces* amongſt their Doxies—— Young Damſels kicking, ſprawling,

ſprawling, and meditating upon Man—— Juſtices Clerks peeping into Round-Houſes to obſerve what Buſineſs hath occurred for the current Day—Brandy Shops opening for the Reception of Whores, Thieves and Pick-Pockets—— Beggars putting on their rueful Countenances and Crutches, and managing their Sores and Ulcers to move Compaſſion.

Eight a-Clock.

Lawyers in the Inns of Court lacing their *Wh—es* Stays, and deſiring their Abſence—— Some few elderly Maidens and Widows, *&c.* at their Devotions—— Clear-Starchers and Quilters, Manteau-makers Journey-Women, and poor Servants, out of Place, running upon *Tick* at Chandlers Shops, for *Tea*, and *Bread* and *Butter*—— Barbers vaſtly buſy in embelliſhing their Cuſtomers—— Bawds with Band-Boxes, borrow'd Smocks, and ſcoured Manteaus in Motion about *Drury-lane*—— Apothecaries and their Apprentices trotting thro' the Streets with Purges and Potions—— Lap-Dogs cleaning and dreſſing to go to Church with their Ladies—— Milk-women ſcoring *two* for *one* by the Connivance of Servants—— *Fleet* Parſons at their Stations on *Ludgate-Hill*, looking out ſharp for Weddings—— Vintners Wives pretty vociferous upon their Cooks and Drawers.

Nine a-Clock.

Pamper'd Clergymen vouchſafe to think of ariſing, and the Duty of the Day. *French* Artificers quit

their Garrets, and exchange their greaſy Woollen Night-Caps for Swords and lac'd Ruffles, declare for a Walk to *Marybone*, and a Dinner *Elemoſynary* at a dirty Ale-houſe in *Soho*—— Spruce Apprentices admiring themſelves at their Maſters Doors, and appointing their Afternoon's Rambles ———Inſolvent Debtors ſhake Hands with Bailiffs, and appear out of the *Verge* with gay Countenances—— Handſome Wh—es hurrying home from *Bagnio's* in Hackney-Coaches and Chairs, to ſhift their Clothes and go upon freſh *Service* —— Poor People employ'd in eraſing the *Wrinkles* out of their Wearing Apparel, and other *Symptoms* of their having been under *Date* and *Tribulation*——Gentlemen's *Houſe-keepers* opening their Pipes upon the lower Servants.

Ten a-Clock.

People of Quality's Doors entirely free from Duns. Wives, Maids and Widows, *waſhing*, *wiping*, *ſcrubbing*, *picking*, *prinking*, *pinning*, *p—ſſ—ng*, *patching*, *painting*, *hooping*, *lacing and ſcolding*.——— Phyſicians poring over Books in their Chariots, like Malefactors going to the Gallows, to give the Town a Senſe of their *Religion*, or rather *deep Study*—— *Kept Miſtreſſes* as lazy in their Beds, as *Life-guard-men* in their Quarters— Informers plaguing poor *Alehouſemen*, *Barbers*, and *Noſegay-women*—— *Hackney-Writers*, Iriſh *Fortune-Hunters* and Welch *Sollicitors* carefully *cogging* the Heels of their Stockings, and *dearning* their Shirt Collars, in order to iſſue forth from the noiſy Inſtances of their Landladies, to borrow Half-a-Crown, or beg a Dinner.—

Rakes

Rakes of Quality and young Students fencing, rehearſing of Plays, or humming over Opera Tunes in their Chambers——————Church-Wardens, ſelect Veſtry-Men, and other tun-bellied parochial Officers moving towards Church to mock G—d A——l——y.——————People of Quality's Chamber-Bells ringing for their cringing *Valets* and *Abigails*——*Bakers* and *Paſtry-Cooks* robbing their Cuſtomers *Pyes* and *Puddings*——————*Vintners* and *Victuallers* looking out their worſt Wines and Liquors, for the Accommodation of ſuch as are to *dine* with them *gratis*—

Eleven a-Clock.

Fine *Fans, rich Brilliants, white Hands, envious Eyes,* and gay *Snuff-Boxes* diſplaying in moſt Pariſh Churches——————Many excellent *ſtolen* Sermons preaching by ſome Clergymen, who won't take pains to make worſe of their *own*——Folks of *Faſhion* humbling themſelves in *rich Lace* and *Tiſſue*, and enduring the *Fatigue* of Divine Service with wonderful ſeeming Patience—— Drunken Beggars battling and breaking one another's Heads in the publick Streets, about dividing the *Charity* of oſtentatious Fools and old Women——————*Hackney-Coachmen* and *Chairmen* lifting up their Eyes towards Heaven for *wet Weather*——*Vintners* and *Coffeemen* prowling about *St. James's Park* to pick up Cuſtomers——————Dabs and Portions of *Beef, Pork,* and *Mutton* roaſting in *Packthread Strings*, in the Apartments of married *Coblers, Porters, Penny-Poſt-men,* and *poor Harlots*——————

Twelve at Noon.

All the *Religious* within the Bills of Mortality return'd upon the Hands of the ſeveral Pariſhes they belong to———City Wives at their Dram-Bottles, or criticiſing upon one another's Dreſs and Behaviour at Church, and throwing out little Flings of Slander as a Whet before Dinner———Pariſh-Officers and young Tradeſmen vaſtly noiſy over their Dumplings in Tavern-Kitchens——Anathema's pour'd out plentifully againſt unskilful Taylors, Shoemakers and Manteau-makers———Begging Cripples beſtowing Prayers and Benedictions in the Streets upon their Benefactors——Ladies about *St. James's* and *Groſvenor-Square* reading *Plays* and *Romances*, and making *mundifying Waſhes*———Poets and Philoſophers in motion about *Gray's-Inn-Walks* and *Red-Lyon-Fields*, wrapt up in thread-bare Coats, Study and Speculation———Idle Apprentices who have plaid Truant from Divine Service begging the Text at the Church-Doors, to carry home to their Maſters ——

One a-Clock.

Politicians dropping their *Two-Pences* upon the *Coffee-Houſe* Bars, and retiring home to Dinner—— Hackney-Coaches flying about the Streets with whole Families, new-married Couples, *Uncles*, *Aunts* and *Couſins* to dine with their Friends and Relations———Innocent People of more Merit than Fortune, ſitting down to homely wholeſome Food, with *calm Conſciences*———All the common People's

Jaws

Jaws in and round this great *Metropolis* in full *Employment*———

Two a-Clock.

The Sexes *ogling* and ſtealing *Glances* at each other as they ſit at dinner together———Church-Bells and Tavern-Bells keep *time* with one another.———The Politicians upon the *Catholick* Bench at the end of the *Mall* in *St. James's Park*, bring the *Spaniſh* Arms to *Gibraltar* and *Great Britain*, and do Wonders for the Pretender———Thoſe on the *Court* Bench at the other end of the *Mall*, bring a powerful Army of *Moors* upon them, and drive them out of their late Conqueſts in *Barbary*.——Citizens beckoning their well-dreſs'd Wives into their *Bed-Chambers*——— Poor unbenefic'd Clergymen bruſhing their *Beavers* and *Caſſocks*, to do *Journey-work* for ſuch dignify'd Drones whoſe ample Meals have render'd them incapable of performing the Afternoon's *Drudgery*———Pick-Pockets taking their Stands at the Avenues into *St. James's Park*——

Three a-Clock.

Pawn-Brokers Wives dreſſing themſelves with their Cuſtomers Wearing-Apparel, Rings and Watches——Prebendaries, *Petty Canons* and *Choiriſters*, with much reluctancy, quit their *Couches*, *Wives*, and *Bottles* for Cathedral Exerciſes.——Young handſome Wenches demanding *Adoration*, inſtead of paying it in the Churches———The Fortunate and Great ſitting down to *Meals* of Pomp and Ceremony, at-

tended by ſumptuous Side-Boards, Sycophants, and little Sincerity——City Cheeſemongers and Grocers ſnoring in Churches and Meeting-Houſes———The *Paths* of *Iſlington*, *Hampſtead*, *Greenwich-Park*, and *Chelſea*, found much more pleaſant than thoſe of the *Goſpel*———*Jews* diſturbing their Wives Maids, and attempting to debauch them while they are employ'd in making the Beds of the Family——Citizens marching in *Three's*, *Four's*, and *Five's* thro' the Town, in queſt of ſour Wine and Cyder, ——Waiters at Taverns and Coffee-Houſes making vaſt Preparations to cut a Figure in the *Beau Monde*. ———Looking-Glaſſes and Chamber-Pots in great uſe with the Ladies———Women-Servants half naked, at their broken bits of Looking-Glaſſes, vainly attempting by the power of *Soap* and Labour, to alter the Colour of their *Skins*.

Four a-Clock.

Drunken Bullies, Beaus, and Gameſters religiouſly in their *Beds*, as remembring that the *Sabbath* was appointed for a Day of *Reſt*———People of Quality picking their Teeth, and talking of *Modes* and *Mortgages*———Handicrafts paſſing and repaſſing the Streets, with their own (or perhaps other People's) Offspring in their Arms, and follow'd by their *Wives*, chearfully bearing the Enſigns of their Obedience, *viz.* their Husband's *Canes*———A general Jumble and Joſtle, from *Whitechapel* to *Whitehall*, of *Stuffs* and *Cottons*, *Half-Silks* and *Mock-Silks*, *painted Linens*, *topp'd Gowns* and *Petticoats*, *ſcour'd Night-Gowns* and *Manteaus*, *&c.*

&c.——Popiſh Prieſts at *Back-Gammon* and *Whiſt* in *Wild-ſtreet* and *Drury-lane*——People of Quality got to *Quadrille* and *Ombre.*

Five a-Clock.

A general *Church* and *Meeting-Houſe* Delivery for the good Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*——*Vintners* begin to yawn and quit their Afternoons Naps, and welcome in their Gueſts——All the pretty prating Mouths ſitting at Tea-Tables, like Coroners Inqueſts upon the *murder'd Reputations* of their Neighbours——Hired Servants meeting and ſaluting one another in the Streets, abuſing the Families that entertain them, and advancing the old Doctrine of *more Places than Pariſh Churches.*——Single Men who have had their Dinners *given* them at *Ale-Houſes*, begin to call *to pay.*

Six a-Clock.

People of *Quality* and *Diſtinction* drove out of the *Mall* by *Milliners*, *Manteau-Makers*, *Tire-Women*, *Sempſtreſſes*, *Clearſtarchers*, *Poulterers*, *Stay-Makers*, French *Peruke-Makers*, *Dancing-Maſters*, *Drapers*, Gentlemen's *Gentlemen*, *Taylors Wives*, ſtarch *old Maids*, and *Butchers Daughters*——Aſſignations and malicious Whiſperings going forward at the *Ring* in *Hyde-Park*——*Sodomites* begin to lurk about after their Companions——Night-Walkers waſhing their Smocks and Aprons againſt the cloſe of the Day——Vintners Wives and Daughters dreſs'd up behind their Bars,

Bars, to decoy young Fellows into large *Reckonings*. ——*Match-Makers* and *Fortune-Hunters* in full Employment——Beggars converting their *Copper* into true *Sterling*.

Seven a-Clock.

Fools and powder'd Fops admiring themſelves in Coffee-Houſes——City Apprentices complaining to their fond Mothers of their Maſters——Foot-Soldiers drunk at their Poſts with *Geneva*—— Men of Quality viſiting their *Miſtreſſes*——Green Widows impatient for the Funeral Rites of their defunct Husbands——The Mi—n—try ſeverely cenſur'd in *Pale Ale-Houſes*——Few Lawyers at Evening Lectures——*Saddler's Wells* has the preference of *Salter's Hall*——Men, Women, and Children returning from the Fields drunk and hungry——Duſty Chaiſes, with Whores in High-crown Hats, limping thro' the Streets of *London*—— People of Quality beginning to make ſpightful Viſits to one another.

Eight a-Clock.

Cold Beef and *Pudding* moſt vigorouſly attack'd in *Taverns* and other *Publick-Houſes*——Servants in Gentlemen's and Tradeſmen's Kitchens carouſing with Liquors ſtolen from their Maſters——Young Shop-Keepers, Beau Journeymen, and Lawyers Clerks ſneaking into Town upon broken-knee'd Horſes—— *Fog* and the *Craftſman* the Subject of much low Converſation——Black-Eyes and *Broken-Heads* exhibited

exhibited in the publick Streets about *Precedency*.——People of moderate *Allowances* examining the remaining *Pence* and *Shillings* after the Debauch of the Day——Hired *Infants*, who have been lent out to *Beggars*, reſtor'd to their *real Parents*——. Men of Quality viſiting their Wives Chamber-Maids, in the abſence of their Ladies from home.——

Nine a-Clock.

Young Rakes converſing with their Mothers Maids in Taverns——City Dames *vouching* for one another, for the *good* Company they have paſs'd the Afternoon in——Mother *Hay*——*d* curſing and roaring at her Drawers, to drown the Cries and Groans of *departing Maidenheads*——Sponſors at low *Chriſtenings* pretty far advanced in *Beer* and *Brandy*——Journeymen *Shoemakers* taking off their Wearing-Apparel, as holding it by no longer Tenure than the opening of the Pawn-Brokers Shops the next Morning——Children, Servants, old Women, and others of the ſame ſize of Underſtanding, pleaſing and terrifying themſelves with Stories of *Witches*, *Devils*, and *Apparitions*——The *Warehouſe-Keeper* preparing to go to bed with the *Nurſe*, and the Houſe-Maid with the Clerk, in the Family's abſence at *Hackney* or *Richmond*——Bookſellers Apprentices beginning to be merry in Taverns.

And ſo Good-Night to ye.

On a LADY's *Favourite* CAT.

ASSIST me, Muſe, to ſing in powerful Strains,
But not of *Blenheim*, or *Pharſalia*'s Plains;
Of *Cæſar*'s Triumphs, or Great *Marlb'rough*'s Fame,
More Great *Naſſau*, or *Charles* of *Sweden*'s Name:
Of *Laws*' Projections, or of War's Alarms,
Of Tales of Love, or Beauty's pow'rful Charms;
Of Court-Intrigues, or City-Politicks,
Of fall'n Directors, or their knaviſh Tricks,
Or who was forc'd to ſell their Coach and Six.
Of Patriots corrupted, or State Miniſter,
Who ſtuffs his Pockets full by Methods ſiniſter;
Of broken Bankers, or of *South-Sea* Stocks,
Or gentle Shepherds piping to their Flocks:
Of ruin'd Fortunes, or the Bubbling Crew:
No, no; an humbler Theme I have in view,
A Theme untouch'd, unſung, intirely new.
Not *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Shakeſpear*, mighty *Ben*,
On ſuch a Subject e'er employ'd their Pen;
Perhaps none did before, or ever may agen.

But hold, I loſe myſelf in mighty Chat,
The Song I ſing is only of a Cat:
But that my Tale may more Attention win,
Pray liſten Sirs, for now I ſhall begin.
I ſhall deſcribe his Perſon and his Parts,
His ſweet Conditions, and his pleaſing Arts,
By which Puſs gain'd and kept his Ladies Hearts.
Near that fam'd Place, where in old time there ſtood
A Theatre; but now, huge Piles of Wood:
Where ſilver *Thame* runs gliding by the Stairs,
And Watermen ſtand bawling to their Fares;
Where noble *Dorſet* claims a Royalty,
And *Bride's* fair Steeple towers to the Sky:
Where Mug-Houſe Members kept their Clubs of late,
And Rioters met their untimely Fate;
Cloſe in a Nook, a little Houſe you'll find,
Low built, but ſuited to the Owner's Mind;
From Thieves Incurſions fenc'd all round about,
With Bolts within, and Window-Shuts without:
Within this Manſion liv'd, without compare,
A Cat of goodly Shape, and Features rare:
Of gentle Parentage, 'tis ſaid he ſprung,
His Fame (at home) both far and near was rung;
For Rats and Mice were ſure to diſappear,
And hide in Holes, if *Diamond* came but near.
So hight this Cat, whoſe Singing did excel
All Cats that in the Neighbourhood did dwell.

As ſoon as Morning-Bell at Six was rung,
He jump'd upon his Miſtreſs' Bed and ſung:
And when ſhe roſe, and was to Breakfaſt ſet,
Upon her Lap he wou'd be ſure to get,
To have his Share of Toaſt and Chocolate.
If chance a vagrant Mouſe he'd made his Prize,
The little Beaſt he'd hunt with watchful Eyes:
No arbitrary King could better tyrannize.
If ſtraying Dog e'er happen'd to come in,
Stout *Diamond* met him with a ſurly Grin;
With Back up-rais'd, and Hair ſet bolt upright,
And Claws diſtended, he prepares to fight,
Nor e'er drew back, till Dog were put to flight.
This for his Parts, his Perſon next comes on;
Black was his Back, like poliſh'd Jet it ſhone:
Soft was his Breaſt, and ſnowy White withall,
His Teeth, like Orient Pearls, were white and ſmall:
His Sides were Tabby, lovely to the Sight,
His fair green Eyes, like Emeralds, ſhone bright;
His Ears and Noſe were of Carnation Hue,
White were his Feet, his Nails like Agate blue.
His marbled Tail was long, and touch'd the Ground,
His long white Whiskers grac'd his Face around.
To ſum up all, he was of portly Size,
That from a thouſand he might bear the Prize.
And as in Eaſtern Courts the Ladies fair,
By Eunuchs guarded, and attended are;

So *Diamond* is the only licens'd He,
To guard and wait upon his Ladies three.
Into their Chamber free Acceſs he gains,
All Times and Hours this Freedom he obtains;
Secure from Scandal on their Bed he lies,
And often tends upon them when they riſe,
No Male beſide dare do ſo, for his Eyes.
Such *Diamond* was, and who can blame the Girls,
That valu'd him much more than Gold and Pearls?

The Long Vacation: *a Satire.*

Addreſs'd to all diſconſolate Tradeſmen.

BLESS us! how ſilent is the noiſy *Gown?*
How quiet are the *Temples*, *Park*, and Town?
As if *Aſtræa* (Great in the laſt Reign)
Had baniſh'd Law to ſome deſerted Plain.
No gouty J——ce ſits upon the Bench,
Indulgent to a Bottle and a Wench;
Altho' his Rev'rend Garb, and Brow ſevere,
Promiſe his Morals, and his Soul auſtere.

Now ſacred Peace finds a ſecure Retreat,
Where Laws and Juſtice held their awful Seat:
Not on Demurrers now the Serjeants drudge,
Nor crabbed Pleas detain the hungry Judge.
Each S——t now may reſt, in Elbow Chair,
His veterane Limbs, broke with nocturnal Care,
In turning over Volumes, and the Fair.
Yet tho' his Looks an Air moſt ſolemn ſhew,
His powder'd Wig diſcovers he's a Beau;
And that when ſerious Buſineſs don't intrude,
His Worſhip can be both gallant and lewd.

The Petty-Fogger, who doth keep a Houſe,
Wou'd ſtarve a Church, or ancient College Mouſe;
Hangs down his Ears, and now begins to miſs
His ſumptuous Meals, and Term-time Luxuries;
Juſt as his Looks, ſo does his Purſe grow thin,
Paleneſs without, and Emptineſs within.
Quickly he thinks it prudent to repair
To ſome convenient Seat, for Country Air;
Carrying himſelf with paultry Preſent down,
His Board he ſpunges on ſome rural Clown,
Till the kind Term returns him to the Town.
Truſting in Impudence, which ſeldom fails,
Some Sylvan Nymph, perchance, the Fop aſſails.
The ruddy Maid at firſt receives his Flame,
And vows her Spark's *a pretty Gentleman*;

Tho'

Tho' whatſoe'er he to his Miſtreſs ſays,
Is ſtol'n from *C——bber's*, or from *Settle's* Plays.
In vain he ſhews th' abundance of his Senſe,
And charms the Fair with borrow'd Eloquence:
For ſoon malicious Fortune makes it clear,
That he's ſome paultry tricking *Wappineer*.
Good Gods! how dull his Courtſhip is! how lame!
How ſoon he quits his bold preſumptuous Flame!
Wing'd with Diſgrace he flies the Hills and Groves,
And Valleys, conſcious of his ſlighted Loves;
He haſtes to Town, there meets what he deſerves,
And twice two Months the ſcoundrel Scribler ſtarves;
Till the returning Winter chears the Laws,
And the glad Term a Scene of Buſineſs draws.
Thus when the Woods, by ſome autumnal Blaſt,
Their verdant Leaves and ſhady Honours caſt,
The ſick'ning Trees their raviſh'd Beauties mourn,
Till circling Hours the joyful Spring return;
Till the warm Sun, with his reſplendent Beams,
Thaws Nature's Bolts, and ſoon unlocks the Streams:
His vital Heat the flowing Rills enlarge,
And the glad Fiſh from Icy Nets diſcharge.
So at th' Appearance of the blooming Spring,
The feather'd Choiriſters rejoice and ſing:
While they in Fields their tuneful Notes prepare,
And with ſoft Muſick bleſs th' harmonious Air.

Our tuneful *Bards* and *Pamphleteers* are fled,
W—rner and *W—lford* ſwear their Trade is dead;
The weary *Preſs*, at eaſe, in ſafety ſleeps,
No ſupple Oil the poliſh'd Iron keeps:
The *Hawkers* now we very rarely meet,
Faction and Treaſon vending in the Street;
Some few ſham *Murders* bellow'd out at Night,
And *Apparitions* now the Mob affright:
Comets and Armies fighting in the Air,
Seen by the Lord knows whom, the Lord knows where.
Ar——ld and *P——tt* with ſtale Quotations cheat
Their Chief, and don't deſerve the Bread they eat;
Whether *by chance*, or *by deſign* are *dull*,
Their Papers empty, and their Pockets full.
Caleb and *Fog* are now in doleful Plight,
Scarce read by *Tory*, *Whig*, or *Jacobite*,
And ſay that *Things* go neither *wrong* nor *right*.

The Actors too muſt take the pleaſant Air,
To *Cambridge* ſome, to *Sturbridge* ſome repair,
And quite debauch the hopeful Students there.
There in ſome country Shed———
The tinſel Kings contentedly lie down,
And quite forget the Buſineſs of a Crown.
No coſtly Wines their wond'ring Guſt ſurprize,
Brandy and Ale their Royal Thirſt ſuffice;

And

And when their Hearts by nappy Bowls made light,
Some ruddy Blouze ſprawl in their Arms at Night.

Some to the *Bath* and *Scarborough* repair,
To keep their Beauties from polluted Air;
And blooming Nature fence from fatal Shocks,
Both of the leſſer and the greater P——x:
There they a thouſand Pangs and Joys impart,
And with ſure Arrows wound the boldeſt Heart:
There they diſplay the Glories of their Eyes,
And make unguarded Man a Sacrifice;
Between their Bed, the Toylet, and the Glaſs,
And giving Viſits, all their Moments paſs:
Th' admire the Beaus, and are by them admir'd,
With equal Charms the wanton Croud is fir'd:
They laugh, they ſport, they dance, they toy and ſing,
No Days nor Hours the Fops to reaſon bring.
Here *Cloe* once moſt inſolently coy,
Who hated Love, and Love's ſurpriſing Joy;
She who in Town the fierceſt Storms withſtood,
Plainly diſcovers now ſhe's Fleſh and Blood,
And gives her Virgin-Treaſure, which before
She valu'd higher than the glitt'ring Store
Of *Tagus* Golden Sands.——————
Atheiſts and Parſons here alike repair,
To drink the Waters, and imbibe the Air:
Bawds, Matrons, Punks, commend the pregnant Steel,
But ſomething elſe the fertile Ladies feel.

Sharpers,

Sharpers, at Dice, conſume the waſting Day,
The Fair for ſomething elſe than Money play:
And when vaſt Sums theſe lovely Loſers ſet,
They, with their Perſons, pay the deſp'rate Debt.

The Cit to *Tunbridge* brings that Chain of Life,
That ſawcy ſcolding Termagant, his Wife;
Where, for two Months, that ſhe may gay appear,
He ſpends the future Gains of half a Year.
Whate'er the Hills or richer Vales produce,
The Swains prepare for her luxurious Uſe:
But little thinks the wild expenſive Fair,
What fertile Ills her Vanities prepare.
Twice e'er the fiery Courſers of the Sun,
Have view'd each Pole, (their annual Labour done)
In the *King's-Bench* we ſhall her Husband meet,
In *Ludgate* lock'd, or Priſoner in the *Fleet*;
Commiſſion'd Harpies his Effects ſhall claim,
And the *Gazette* ſhall publiſh thrice his Name.
But fearleſs now of Dangers unforeſeen,
He haunts the Walks, the Coffee-Houſe, and Green:
Waters and Wine do all his Hours divide,
Heated and cool'd by their alternate Tide.
With Mirth and Wine th' uxorious Coxcomb drunk,
Little regards his dear diſſembling Punk.

Hither the *Covent-Garden* Crack repairs,
With bought Complection, and with borrow'd Hairs:

At firſt, my Lord, with a reluctant Frown,
Pulls up her Clothes, and throws the Wanton down.
But when Neceſſity and Want aſſail,
Int'reſt and Gain above her Pride prevail:
On eaſy Terms ſhe'll on the Graſs be ſtill,
And let his Lordſhip's Butler kiſs his fill.

The ſmiling Sempſtreſs now her Shop forſakes,
Here vents her Ware, and better Bargains makes:
Here, in unlawful Joys, and ſtol'n Delight,
Both Rich and Poor ſpend the polluted Night.

The City Vintners ſtarve for want of Trade,
Few Payments now are to the Merchants made;
Score in the Bar, the Maſter ſeldom bawls,
Nor little Bell the tardy Drawer calls.
Rarely the Cook now Cutlets broils of Veal,
But unemploy'd, into the Cellar ſteals;
There ſhe and *Tom*, to broach a Cask combine,
And 'gainſt a Butt ſhe ſpills her Maſter's Wine.
Few drunken Catches now at night we hear,
Sad penſive Looks in every Poſt appear;
No dirty Feet pollute their cleanly Floors,
Nor *three* for *two* the ſleepy Miſtreſs *ſcores*:
Whilſt new-come Gueſts, paſt One, diſturb her Nap,
And to get in, at the clos'd Wicket rap.
Their *Brewings*, *Mixtures*, all are at a ſtand,
And their prick'd *Cyder* frets upon their hand.

The *Poſts* and *Journals* of the *Morn* and *Night*,
Good L—d! have little now to ſay, or write:
The early, buſy, and enquiring Sage,
D——ns both the *Author*, and his barren *Page*;
With furious Looks and Rage, throws down the *Print*,
And ſwears by H——n and Earth there's nothing in't.
His *Grace* a Friend bids kindly home to eat,
'Tis call'd *a ſumptuous magnificient Treat*;
Who *ſteals away*, or *ſoftly comes to Town*,
What *Chaiſes*, *Horſes*, *and who tumbled down*;
What *Lord* or *Knight* keeps late or early Hours,
And when their *Ladies miſs*, *and have their* ——

The Uſe of *Lead* and *Velvet's* now forgot,
Above-board *Male* and *Female* chuſe to rot;
R——m and the *Change* with Grief are over-ſpread,
Becauſe their *Trade* and *Buſineſs* is ſo *dead*;
Death's Harbingers are ſtarving now for Bread.

The *Sexton* groans to view his ruſty *Spade*,
And greedy *Curates* moan their want of Trade;
News-Writers ſigh, and the ſad Paſſing-Bell,
But rarely now the Dead's Departure tell.
Miſaub—n ſwears *he cannot pay de Beel*,
No Whore, *no Rogue in Town*, *to take de Peel*.
Apothecaries curſe, and bite their Thumbs,
And place their Hopes in *rotten Pears* and *Plumbs*;
The Quacks forbear to ſwell the *Weekly Bills*,
And avaritious Death but ſlowly kills:

Fevers

Fe[illegible]'s Room can ſcarce ſupply,
An[illegible] honeſtly the Vulgar die.

The *Gentry* now to rural Village runs,
Enjoy the Country Air, and 'ſcape their Duns;
Who only now can teize them by the Poſt,
For Sums in *Stocks* and *Corporation* loſt:
No ſaucy Tradeſmen croud his *Lordſhip's Hall*,
There *Porter's Brats* for Food and Raiment ſquall.

Reader, mark well the doleful Tale I tell,
What Miſery and Woe reigns in *P——ll-M——ll*;
With Faith and Patience at his Door ſtands *B——rk*,
With all his Waiters looking out for *Work*;
In low Obeiſance to each *Slave* bends down,
And hopes his *Maſter ſoon will be in Town*.
C——nnor's fierce Voice proclaims from Room to Room,
Deaf Villains, don't ye hear my Lord is come?
Great *Ch——mp——n's* Courage don't a little droop,
And *H——th* han't reaſon to be cock-a-hoop.
What gen'rous Breaſt don't *Sell——eau* deplore,
With idle Chairmen ſighing round his Door;
Much better *Nights* and *Days* he has in view,
His H--gh--ſs ſoon or late will come from *K—w*.
P--r--y with Eyes to Heav'n in grateful Prayers,
To ſee his humbler Gueſts deſcend his *Stairs*:
L—mb--t's rich *ſweetning* Art now idle lies,
His Shop is chiefly viſited by *Flies*.

O'er unpaid Notes, with heavy [illegible]
His *Breaſt* much oftner croſſes than [illegible]
Tom Fl--wer and *Tom P--w--l's* on the fret,
To ſee their Friends ſo ſlowly come to whet:
No blazing *Col'nels* now for Soups and Slops,
The mounted *Enſign* dines on Mutton Chops.
Now empty are the large well-finiſh'd Rooms,
Of well-bred *Yeomen*, bulky *Cooks*, and *Grooms*;
No City *Dames* to ſee the Sov——n dine,
Fuddling with *Beef-eaters* o'er Pints of Wine:
No powder'd *Pages* of the Back-Stair Lay,
And even *Tipſtaffs* frighted are away.
No noiſy *Tradeſmen* now the Kitchen fill,
To tell how drunk was *Jack*, *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Will:*
No liſt'ning *Scribblers* now upon the wait,
To learn *who preach'd, who bore the Sword of State,*
And who goes in and out at *James's Gate.*

Few Tradeſmen now are at *St. James's* ſeen,
Their Shops neglected lie for *Thomp--n's Green*;
Decay of Trade, and tedious Debts they mourn,
And all their Prayers for *King* and *Court's* return.
Wh--res, *Ale-Wives*, *Coffee-Men*, are all caſt down,
And curſe the ſilent d——d abſtemious Town,

Late

[illegible] *Barriſters* repair,
[illegible] *Noble* Impotent an *Heir*;
No blazing Flambeaux light the doleful Shade,
Nor waxen Beams ſtrike thro' the verdant Glade.
In vain the blooming *Milk-Maid* bawls her *Can*,
The more ſhe milks, the more ſhe thinks on *Man*.
The fierce Patrole which march the Rounds by Night,
Tame Ducks and Geeſe, and *Sodomites* affright:
Round the *Canal* no new-made Prints appear,
No cooing Lovers in the *Grove* we hear,
The waking Soldiers guard the ſleeping Deer.
On the *Parade* no Half-pay Captains meet,
In order to conſult where they may eat,
Since Credit's now refus'd by *C—ft* and *Sw—t*;
And to adviſe what Friends are come to Town,
To beg a Meal, and borrow Half-a-Crown.
Brisk *J--nes*'s clean-heel'd Drawers idle ſtand,
No Quarts or Glaſſes tire each trembling Hand,
And *Ned* ſwears loudly out, *he muſt disband*.

The ſtately *Pile* in ev'ry new-built *Square*,
Now unfrequented, as the Houſe of *Pray'r*;
The truſty Houſe-Maid, now ſecure from Dread,
Hugs her kind Lover in my Lady's Bed.
Diſcarded *Valets* gently paſs the Street,
In hopes a kinder Seaſon ſoon to meet;

Juſtices

Justices Parlours free [illegible]
And all the Trade remov[illegible]
The Parson, in a melancholly Tone,
Harangues at Church, now half his Flock is gone;
Each Rev'rend Accent, now neglected falls
On empty Pews, thin Isles, and barren Walls.

FINIS.